

Name: Emilia Anak Steven

State: Sarawak

Group: 2 (Form 4-5)

Topic: Times Square

The Dream Traveller

I stepped outside my house in Malaysia--and walked into Times Square. I pinched my cheeks hard, just to make sure that I was not dreaming. Boy, it hurt a lot! Oh my gosh, I was in America with just my shorts and white cotton shirt that had a curry stain on it, not to mention it was winter season in America. My teeth were chattering from the cold, and I was shivering from head to toe. The weird looks that the crowds gave me seriously made me want to hide in a rat's hole and never come out of it. I seriously had no idea how I ended up at Times Square in America.

A million questions popped into my mind, and as I was trying to solve them, I saw a girl waving at me. She was wearing a white turtleneck with a black sweater, a white wool scarf round her neck, and an aqua-green skirt that reached her ankles. She had blonde straight hair and emerald green eyes. I walked towards her cautiously, afraid that she had mistaken me as someone that she knew. She rolled her eyes and motioned me to move faster.

"Gosh, you are so slow. What takes you so long, traveller?" she said with her hands on her hips.

"Excuse me; do you even know who I am? I mean I've never met you before. Hold on a second; did you just call me a traveller?" I asked.

"Follow me. I'll fill in the rest later." She motioned me to follow her.

"Well, travellers are the descendants of half-blood witches, meaning they are half human and half witch. They have magic running in their blood. There are three types of travellers; time traveller, space traveller and dream traveller. Oh, you're a dream traveller, which means that you can travel in your dreams or anyone else's."

My jaw dropped as I stared at her with disbelief. She smirked at me, clearly indicating that she had gone through this before.

"Who are you and how do I know that I can trust you?"

"Hon, you have no choice but to believe me; otherwise, how are you going to explain all this madness? Like it or not, you need to believe me. I was a dream traveller like you too, but now I'm a guardian. Guardians are like mentors for new travellers. We guide and teach them

how to use their powers. Each guardian has to guide five travellers, and you are the last one to fill my quota. Before I forget, I'm Abigail White. You can call me Abby. What's your name?"

"I'm Janice Lee. You can call me Jane. I'm from Sarawak, one of the states in Malaysia."

"Cool, I've been to Malaysia before with my family, and it was the best holiday ever. We went to Pulau Langkawi and the sea was so crystal clear that we could see the colourful fish and sea corals. We also visited Melaka. Sadly, we never had the chance to visit Sarawak." She pouted. I found it hard to stifle a laugh and soon, a small laugh escaped from my lips. We looked at each other and burst into a fit of laughter and giggles.

"So, what do we do now?"

"First of all, I need to test your power to see how strong it is. Dream travellers can change their own dreams or anyone else's depending on how they want it to be, anytime and anywhere. Unlike normal people, dream travellers have more vivid dreams that they can actually feel happening. Let's start with changing your clothes first by using your imagination, of course."

I closed my eyes and imagined that I was wearing a black turtleneck with a beige coat and skinny jeans. Much to my surprise, it worked. I was jumping up and down and squealed with excitement. Abby gave me a thumb-up and an encouraging smile.

"You did great, Jane. So, have you been to America before?" I told her I hadn't been to America and told her about my plan to apply for a scholarship and study medicine in America. I also told her that if I had the chance, I would love to visit Madame Tussauds, Broadway, the Empire State Building (I'm a big fan of Percy Jackson), Central Park, and, last but not least, the Statue of Liberty.

"Hmm, are you up for some adventures? Well, hold my hands tightly and whatever happens don't let go of my hands." I held her hands and suddenly a white blinding light appeared out of nowhere.

"What the--" Before I could finish, both of us were sucked into the white light. I screamed and closed my eyes tightly as I held on for dear life. The next thing I knew, I was in Madame Tussauds; a wax museum located in the heart of [Times Square](#) in [New York City](#) with 5 floors of attraction space and over 200 figures.

"How on earth did we get in here? Oh my God, I seriously can't believe that I'm in Madame Tussauds now! It's like a dream come true."

“Get a grip, kid. We’re in my dream now. It’s a friendship gift from me.”

I squealed and gave her a bear hug. She made a show of losing her breath and both of us laughed at her joke. We went for a tour of the entire museum. After a couple of minutes, we found the most recent figures, including the wax figure of soccer icon and star, Lionel Messi, award winning singer-songwriter Ed Sheeran, the seven-time Grammy Award winning artist, Pharrell Williams, the host of NBC’s “The Tonight Show, [Jimmy Fallon](#), and legendary singer, Pink. I was practically drooling when I saw Ed Sheeran’s wax figure. Did I mention that I’m also a hardcore fan of Ed Sheeran? Abby snickered at my expression and practically had to drag me away from it.

We also went to Broadway theatre and watched ‘The Phantom of Opera,’ which had a complete twist in its plot since it was Abby’s dream. Next, we went to the Empire State Building; a must-see place for a big fan and believer of Percy Jackson like me. And despite Abby’s constant nagging that Olympus did not exist in the Empire State Building, I just waved it off. We enjoyed a panoramic view of New York City from the 86th-floor observation deck of the Empire State Building.

The light appeared again and we were sucked into it. I closed my eyes and when I opened them, I was surprised to see blue skies with white fluffy clouds and to feel a warm breeze that caressed my face. It clearly radiated summer instead of the grey skies of winter and white snow of New York City. We were surrounded by big shady trees. I found out that I was wearing a baggy shirt with I <3 NEW YORK printed on it and denim shorts, courtesy of Abby. On the other hand, Abby was wearing a floral printed spaghetti strap sundress. I whistled and surprisingly, she blushed. She gave me a playful nudge and told me that we were at Central Park. We lay down under a big shady tree and talked about our lives. I found out that Abby was eighteen years old.

She told me funny stories about her other students. Abby also told me that time travellers could change the entire history even with a slight mistake, and dream travellers could end up in a comatose state if they were too mesmerized with their dreams. Space travellers were very rare and there were only a few of them left in this world.

Lastly, we went to visit the Statue of Liberty. We climbed up the staircase within the statue to the crown. In reality, those wishing to climb the staircase within the statue must purchase a special ticket, which may be reserved up to a year in advance. When we reached the crown, the light appeared again. I looked at Abby and saw her eyes were brimming with tears.

“It’s time for you to leave. It was nice meeting you, Jane.”

“Promise me that you will visit me in Sarawak, okay? I hate goodbyes,” I said as I wiped my tears.

“Of course, I will. This is for you. Every traveller needs an item as their anchor,” she said as she shoved a signet ring into my hand.

I hugged her one last time and stepped into the light. The next thing I knew, I was awake on my bed and Mum was looking at me with worried eyes.

“Thank goodness, you’re finally awake, Jane. I was worried when you suddenly fainted. Let me get you a bowl of chicken soup, okay?” I nodded as I stretched my sore limbs.

“Oh, I found this in your hand when you fainted,” Mum said as she handed me a signet ring. Perhaps, it wasn’t just a dream.